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## THE CHURCH-YARD.

COMMUNICATED BY WM. KNOX, AUTHOR OF "THE SONGS OF ISRAEL."

(Continued from page 403.)

*The reader may give the following stories their proper interest, by conceiving the narrator of them walking with a companion, in a country burying-ground, upon a summer Sabbath afternoon.*

## V.

Behold that lofty peak that towers on high,  
Like a dim cloud amid the clear blue sky !  
Beside that peak, embosom'd 'mong the hills,  
Fed by the nameless unfrequented rills,  
A beauteous lake in silent grandeur lies,  
Where all untrod the wild flower blooms and dies ;  
Where stands, retired as human home can be,  
A lonely cottage, by its lonely tree.  
Oft, oft, when weary of the cares and strife,  
And all the impertinence of busy life,  
Oft, oft I sigh its tumults to resign,  
And make that solitary cottage mine ;  
For there, methinks, no idle cares intrude,  
To break the heart's delicious solitude ;  
And then, methinks, no faithless joy betrays  
From wisdom's peaceable and pleasant ways.  
My thoughts are vain—though virtue may impart  
Delightful joys and prospects to the heart,  
In spite of all that virtue can bestow,  
Humanity is incident to woe.

I know an inmate of that lonely dell,  
Round which my fancy ever loves to dwell ;  
An humble shepherd, yet supremely blest  
With all that gives the soul delight and rest ;  
Domestic joys—those treasures of the heart,  
That leave us not when gaudier charms depart.  
One winter's day—a cold bleak winter's day—  
He hied him to the village far away,  
Some necessary comforts to provide  
For the dear members of his small fireside,  
Whose tender looks, like moonshine o'er the night,  
Through his lone home diffused a radiant light.  
A storm came on—and ere the close of day,  
Deep, deep the snows o'er all the mountains lay ;  
Each mark was lost that might have serv'd to guide,  
The lonely wanderer in the moorlands wide ;  
And not a former path-way could be traced,  
In all the cheerless solitary waste.

Alas, sweet souls ! how often in affright,  
Ye gaze abroad into the starless night !  
For loud and louder still the tempest blows,  
And thick and thicker drives the choking snows,  
And still the kind friend that ye long to see,  
Ne'er meets your view—alas ! and where is he ?  
'Tis midnight now—how sadly strikes the clock !  
And still the children round their mother flock ;  
And she is weeping, but she turns away  
Her face, to keep them happy if she may.  
But hark, she hears a footstep at the door !  
Oh ! with what joy she springs upon the floor.

The happy wife!—alas!—with words of fear,  
 A stranger enters—“Is thy husband here?”  
 He tells her how they parted in the wild,  
 How long among the drifted heaps they toil’d,  
 And with what pain, on such an awful night,  
 He reach’d the cottage by its twinkling light.  
 What dreadful words!—with lantern snatched in haste,  
 The wife and stranger rush into the waste,  
 And leave the children, o’er a dying flame,  
 Weeping and calling on their father’s name.  
 Ah! long in vain o’er many a hill they hied,  
 And called on him—and never voice replied;  
 But found at day-break, when all hope was o’er,  
 The shepherd dead ten paces from his door.  
 Oh! had she found him, when among the snows  
 He laid him down in perilous repose,  
 Still, still she might in comfort have possess’d  
 The faithful partner of her joyless breast.  
 And these are thoughts that ever haunt her mind,  
 And aye she weeps, and thinks herself unkind;  
 Though none can blame her, yet herself she blames,  
 And half forgets the care her offspring claims;  
 And ev’ry Sabbath she repairs to weep,  
 With all her children, o’er his grassy heap.  
 Lo! there she is amid her little train—  
 Peace, weeping Mother! to thy heart of pain;  
 Peace, weeping Mother! else thy heart will break;  
 And be resigned for thy poor children’s sake.  
 It is thy duty—time at length shall give  
 Thy sorrows rest—Oh! be content and live,  
 She will—though she has felt affliction’s rod,  
 Yet she delights to read the Word of God,  
 And there she finds—all that her griefs require—  
 Who is the widow’s spouse, the orphan’s sire.

## VI.

Here let us pause. Upon my mind returns  
 A scene o’er which regretful memory mourns.  
 ’Tis long ago—yet never shall depart  
 The recollection from my beating heart,  
 When from our vale I journey’d to attend,  
 The happy nuptials of a youthful friend.  
 The lovely maiden who had vowed to share,  
 His joys and griefs, his labour and his care,  
 Dwelt with her parents in the pathless wild,  
 Their latest born, and only living child.  
 As from the door the marriage-train withdrew,  
 The weeping mother bade her child adieu;  
 For who can part, but with a bitter tear,  
 From those who are, and ever shall be dear?  
 Yea, we will weep, to useless sorrow given,  
 When we are conscious they have gone to heaven.  
 The aged father took the bridegroom’s hand,  
 And with a look no bosom could withstand,  
 Implor’d the highly-favour’d youth to prove  
 An husband worthy of his daughter’s love:  
 “Believe me, Edward! for I speak the truth—  
 When I confess, thou art the only youth  
 To whom I could have willingly consigned  
 Our only treasure, with a peaceful mind.  
 Forget thou not, what comforts we forego,  
 When thus we give thee all we can bestow;  
 Forget thou not, ’tis in thy power to make  
 Her parents happy, or their hearts to break;  
 But, Oh! I feel thou can’st not be unjust—  
 Take all we have—be faithful to the trust;  
 And fondly cherish with endearing love  
 Her tender heart, and it will ever prove

A treasure inexhaustible—a cure  
 For all the sorrows that thou may'st endure.  
 Believe me, Edward! on this sacred day  
 In which I lose my last remaining stay,  
 To Heaven I offer many a fervent prayer,  
 That thou may'st ev'ry earthly blessing share;  
 And if my daughter always prove to thee  
 What her old mother long hath been to me,  
 Thou shalt at last, 'mid all the ills of life,  
 Possess Heaven's dearest gift—a virtuous wife."  
 Yes, thou wast happy, Edward! when we brought  
 Thy lovely consort to thy woodland cot,  
 And thought, perhaps, that nothing could destroy  
 Love's pleasing hopes—the buds of tender joy.  
 Oh! all on earth that mortal man acquires,  
 Yea, all on earth that mortal man desires,  
 Is trivial—nothing—when in balance laid  
 With the possession of his favourite maid,  
 Who in herself possesses every charm  
 The heart can wish, the youthful fancy form.  
 'Tis bliss indeed—and, oh! if man could trust  
 On earthly things, or fragile forms of dust,  
 How happy might he be! but while his eye  
 Explores the earth, the ocean, and the sky,  
 Alas! he sees that all within the range  
 Of his weak sight, is incident to change;  
 Alas! he sees the clouds, the flowers, the waves,  
 Pass not more swift than mortals to their graves;  
 And hence his hopes are ever dimmed by fears,  
 His draughts of pleasure mixed with bitter tears.  
 Edward! thy fears were quickly realized:—  
 Thy wife beloved, thy comforts dearly prized,  
 Before the waning of the nuptial moon,  
 Were gone for ever—and, alas, how soon!  
 Yes, she is gone! she can no more be found,  
 Though thou shouldst wander all the world around.  
 Thou meet'st a face—but not the smile whose power  
 Kindled thy heart as suns awake the flower;  
 Thou hear'st a voice—but not the tone that stole  
 Like sweetest music o'er thy charmed soul,  
 No! thou shalt only find this stone to show  
 Her early fate, and prove a husband's woe.

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## WALKS IN WICKLOW.

FROM A TRAVELLER, TO HIS FRIEND IN EDINBURGH.

### LETTER I.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

*Dublin, July, 1823.*

WELL here I am in the heart of Ireland. It is not above ten days since I arrived in this country, yet what I have seen might fill a volume. Certainly no country in the world furnishes more materials for reflection—a single cabin might supply subject for a treatise on political economy—a single glen for an essay on the picturesque—and an unsophisticated Irishman, with all his bulls and blunders, ingenuity, and kindness of heart, for a system of moral philosophy, or a treatise on phrenology. But I leave such general reflections, and